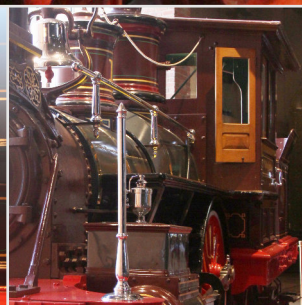


Southern Pacific #1

CP HUNTINGTON



Comments on Future Restoration
Research and Restoration Report
Autobiography of a Little Old Lady



10/89

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

LOCOMOTIVE No. 1

"C. P. HUNTINGTON"

COMMENTS ON FUTURE RESTORATION

By
Kevin Bunker
Restoration Researcher

California State Railroad Museum
Department of Parks and Recreation

February 20, 1979

The CSRM is fortunate in having in its collection the famed S.P. Locomotive No. 1, "C. P. Huntington", which is not far removed structurally from its design of the late 19th century or early 20th century. I make the following comments and suggestions regarding any future restoration work on this locomotive.

The engine's present appearance, while pleasant enough at a glance, is suspect for a variety of reasons. The 1969 rehabilitation performed by Southern Pacific carshop crews for the Golden Spike Centennial has made a number of departures from the most recent S.P. official drawing, such as the substitution of graphite gray for "wine" on the engine's smokebox and stack. This alteration has made the engine more acceptable based on common locomotive color design. Unfortunately, the gold, green and red striping were not done with the proper tools, and are neither straight-lined nor smooth of surface. There is much paint on some obvious areas of the engine, particularly cab surfaces. We should research and record as much information as is possible before we prepare S.P. No. 1 for History Building display.

Documentary evidence is sparse for the middle years of the "Huntington", particularly the 1885 to 1920 period. As related elsewhere, S.P. No. 1 was probably restored for the "first time" in 1914 for display at the Pan-Pacific Exposition, though it was exhibited as a size comparison to new S.P. motive power as early as October, 1901. The years of the 1920's held many special trips for S.P. No. 1, including a full boiler repair and rehabilitation for the 1922 "Days of '49" celebration held in Sacramento where it pulled a flatcar-come-passenger car down the R Street Branch to Brighton, returning to

Sacramento via the Elvas mainline. In 1925, the engine was again steamed, in Los Angeles apparently, for the filming of "Iron Horse"; after filming, it was displayed in the foyer of the Egyptian Theatre in Los Angeles to promote the silent epic. It traveled through the streets of Los Angeles that same year aboard a flatcar for a Shriner's parade. Venturing northward in 1926, it participated in opening festivities of the new Cascade cutoff between Klamath Falls, California and Eugene, Oregon. In 19²⁰~~20~~, "C. P. Huntington" steamed the first "Official Train" across the new Benicia-Martinez Bridge; traveled to Chicago in 1934 for Hungerford's "Century of Progress Fair", and to New Orleans in 1936 to open S.P.'s Huey P. Long Bridge. The year 1939 saw the last regular display operation for S.P. No. 1, a trip to Los Angeles to steam for the opening of the Los Angeles Union Passenger Station. Afterwards, it returned to Sacramento for covered display outside S.P.'s Sacramento depot on 4th and I Streets.

During this period, 1922 to 1939, the "Huntington", while not at its most elegant appearance, may have been the most well-known Western locomotive. I recommend that we endeavor to return the engine to this earlier configuration, thereby lessening the scale of modifications required to return it to more remote antique appearances. Location and research of S.P. Official Shop Sketch No. 3076 should assist in meeting this goal.

K-3927C

RR
SOUTHERN PACIFIC LOCOMOTIVE NO. 1

" C.P. HUNTINGTON "

Restoration Report

by

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California State Railroad Museum
Department of Parks and Recreation

June 1981

PREFACE

This report is one of a continuing series detailing the restoration of California State Railroad Museum equipment. In the present case, the C. P. Huntington, the locomotive was restored during a period when no researchers were on the staff.

This lack of research and researchers was a direct result of a personnel policy which required that the research team could only be temporary or seasonal employees. With this condition, researchers could work no longer than 9 months and then were required to be off the job at least 3 months, with no assurance they could return to work. This policy was almost a positive guarantee that constant training of new researchers would be necessary. A more realistic policy was followed in the restoration process whereby shop workers were given a "until end of project" status.

The first researcher assigned the C. P. Huntington terminated his employment with CSRM shortly after beginning research on this project (seeking more stable employment). As stated above, the locomotive entered the shop and was restored with no researchers to perform in-depth research.

This report as to actual restoration has been prepared from restoration shop records of work performed and from the personal remembrances of the restoration supervisor, William Oden.

The records of the limited research performed are in the files of the CSRM.

The C. P. Huntington was first brought into the shop early in 1979. At this time, it was given a careful cleaning and inspection to determine what restoration was required. A limited amount of research, such as paint sampling, was also performed.

Following the inspection, the locomotive was placed in the Central Pacific Passenger Station until scheduled for restoration.

During the summer of 1980, the C. P. Huntington was returned to the restoration shop and restoration begun. This locomotive, after the SP restoration of 1914, became a symbol of SP and was widely known from its many appearances in station openings and other railroad related events. A decision was made based upon this fact and time and money constraints to restore the locomotive to its 1914 appearance.

The wood shop constructed a new pilot, headlamp shelf, new cab doors and windows, and filled and sanded the cab for new paint. The side sill frames, where rotted away, were also replaced and metal sheathing replaced.

The boiler jacket was heavily corroded and was replaced with a new one of galvanized sheet metal. This new jacket was then painted to simulate "Russian Iron". The story of "Russian Iron" and the restoration shop's effort to duplicate it is in the unpublished report of the CSRM on the narrow gauge locomotive "Sonoma" and a similar report on the V&T locomotive No. 12, the "Genoa".

Numerous new brass fittings were fabricated. Among these parts fabricated were two A. J. Stevens lubricators for the steam chests. New coupling pins were made.

The interior of the engine, fire box, boiler flues, and smoke box were all cleaned. During this cleaning, a large patch of concrete or furnace cement was noted in the bottom of the smoke box. This may have been added to put extra weight on the drivers or to cover corroded metal.

When the hand rails were removed, nickel plating was discovered where they had not been polished where they were protected by the standoffs. This nickel plating is mentioned in D. L. Joslyn's unpublished monograph of 1963 titled, "The Autobiography of a Little Old Lady".

Since the locomotive was being restored to the 1914 period, the hand rails were replated with chromium, which is much harder and will wear longer than the original nickel. The appearance is the same but the chromium does have a slightly higher shine.

New gold leaf trim and an old-style SP Company emblem were placed on the tank side sheets.

The off-vertical hanging of the bell was corrected.

The locomotive was given a final cleaning and all parts other than the simulated "Russian Iron" were newly painted with paint matching the original [1914] colors. The C. P. Huntington was repainted using Southern Pacific

drawing 20918 (Book 621) as the guide. In addition, the new paint colors were matched to the earlier paint layers exposed through paint sampling. Basic colors of the locomotive are red and wine.

Lettering and numbering was done in accordance with Southern Pacific drawing 20933 (Book 607).

Paints used were as follows:

Wine:	12 parts of Bright Maroon, 3 parts Boom Brown, and 1.5 parts black (mixed well). All paints are Dunn-Edwards Syn Lustro.
Permanent Red:	Dunn-Edwards Syn Lustro, Fire Red.
Chrome Green:	Fuller O'Brien Heavy Duty Alkyd Brilliant Green (612-32).
Chrome Yellow:	Rust-O-leum Federal Safety Yellow.
Cherry:	Dunn-Edwards Syn Lustro Cleveland Red.
Mineral Red:	Dunn-Edwards Syn Lustro Barn Red.

When fully restored, the C. P. Huntington was moved to the CSRM storage facility at West Sacramento. On April 7, 1981, it was moved into the History Building to assume a position of honor in the display window.



Photo #1

Southern Pacific locomotive No. 1, the "C. P. Huntington" awaiting restoration in the Southern Pacific Sacramento yards, 1978. (CSRM photo)



Photo #2

The "C. P. Huntington" undergoing refurbishing in the CSRM Restoration Shop.
(CSRM photo)

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The Autobiography of

A L I T T L E O L D L A D Y

The Life Story of the Locomotive

C. P. HUNTINGTON

(As Told By Herself)

Compiled and Written by

DAVID L. JOSLYN

Edited by John F. Davis

1963

PREFACE

Just why a locomotive is always referred to as being of the feminine gender is a mystery that has never been explained to my satisfaction. It has long been the custom among railroad men to refer to a locomotive as "she", "old girl", "little old lady", and other names of the feminine family. Accordingly, in writing this life story of the locomotive C. P. Huntington, even though the locomotive does have the name of one of the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad; and in that category, nearly all locomotives, when they had names, were the names of men. So, in writing this history of the "Little Old Lady", I shall refer to her as an elderly lady recounting her life history, or as much as she can remember.

In this story, all names and dates are authentic. That part of the story dealing with the Danforth Cooke Works was given to me by old timers, who, years ago, worked for a period with that firm and were familiar with this great locomotive works. A large portion of this story is taken from old records*, long since destroyed; from historic documents; from old newspapers; from such men as the late Charles Noyes, Joel O. Wilder, Sr., Charles Rippon, and others who worked on, and with the little locomotive down through the years. From 1902 to date, the story is pieced out by my own association with the "Little Old Lady".

David L. Joslyn
Sacramento, California.
July 1962.

* Requiring a vast amount of research and delving into many old musty corners.

One day while strolling, I walked down to I Street in the City of Sacramento and coming to the corner of 5th and I Streets, I paused for a moment looking at and admiring the big station of the Southern Pacific, and visualized the stagnant body of water called "China Slough" but officially known as "Lake Sutter", that for so many years was where the station now stands. Strolling on, I came to the locomotive C. P. Huntington under its redwood covering.

Always having had a great affection for this little locomotive, I stopped to look her over. And having a habit of addressing an inanimate object for which I have an affection, in the same manner as one would address another person, I said to her: "Little Old Girl, you have had a long and honorable career. Many changes have passed before your eyes which are not as bright as they once were, but bright nevertheless. It would be just wonderful if you could but speak and tell me the many events in your life -- the things you have seen -- the places you have been -- the deeds you have performed -- and the many railroad men you have met and known!"

To my great surprise, the little old engine began to tremble all over, and in a little puffy voice replied: "It is indeed a great pleasure to have you thus address me in those kinds words. I have known you for close on to 60 years, and several times have wanted to speak to you. Now that you have given me this opportunity, it will be my pleasure to give you my history, or as much of it as I can remember. You know full well that I am an old lady close to 99 years old, and while I have a keen recollection of many events in my life, still there are some that are rather hazy. But if you will get out your note book, I'll tell you my life's history, and I can assure you, I would not tell it to everyone!"

You may be sure, gentle readers, I lost no time, and got my note book out to set down what was to come, and while sitting there on the rustic fence that surrounds the locomotive, I took down what was told me. Here is her story:

"I am one of twins, as you well know. My twin sister and I were as alike as two peas in a pod. My sister has long since gone to her great reward, but of that I will speak later on. To begin with, we were born, or as you railroad men would say, we were built at the works of Danforth, Cooke and Company in 1863 in the City of Patterson, New Jersey.

"Old as I am, I still remember those two men. Mr. Danforth was a tall man, while Mr. Cooke was shorter and inclined to be stout. They both wore high hats, but Mr. Cooke's hat was always polished so nice, while Mr. Danforth's high hat looked rather soiled. But, they were both nice men. While we were being built, those two gentlemen would come through the shop and look us over with a critical eye, for they were both good mechanics. In the final days of January 1863 we were finished and went into the paint shop where some artists worked on us for days, and we finally stood forth with glistening red paint, gold stripes and polished brass, and with the lettering L.I.R.R. on our tanks. We felt gay in our beautiful new dresses.

"Then for some reason or another, I think it was on account of the folks for whom we were built not having the money to pay for us, we were run out under a shed. This shed had only a roof -- no sides, and it was drafty out there and very cold. Snow would drift in under the roof, and we were quite miserable, especially as we heard some of the men say we were dead heads on the hands of the firm. This made us very sad, as we did not want to be dead heads.

"After we had been out there for several months, it may have been longer, some men came out there one day and one was telling another of having enlisted

in the war that was going on. He asked his companion to keep a good lookout for Dora and see that she did not want for anything, and then asked, 'When are you going to enlist, Harry?'

"Then they got to talking about the little locomotive, meaning us of course, and what Danforth, Cooke was going to do with us. This, of course, made us perk up our ears to hear more. Harry spoke up and said: 'Well, it is more likely the army will buy them, as the army needs locomotives.' Then they went away.

"Things went from bad to worse. We were getting dirty. Some rust had set in, and we were surely down in the mouth. When we had about given up all hope, some men in army uniforms came out there with Mr. Danforth, and they looked us over carefully and asked a lot of questions about horsepower, size of cylinders, steam pressure, and a lot of other stuff that we did not understand. Mr. Danforth told the men in uniform that someone whom we called "the government" could have us for ten thousand dollars. But the man in uniform said, 'No', and explained that we were too small for their use, bad as they needed locomotives.

A few days later, Mr. Cooke came out there with a stout, round-faced man, real handsome with a beautiful beard, well kept. This man looked us over, asked the same questions about horsepower, and so forth, and then said, 'Well, Mr. Cooke, the engines are rather small, but we are badly in need of locomotives out there in California, and I'll take them at the price of five thousand dollars each, as quoted in your partner's letter.' 'Very well, Mr. Huntington', replied Mr. Cooke, 'let us go into the counting house and make out the papers.'

"So that was Mr. Huntington, vice president of that road way out there in California, and just think, sister dear, we are to go way out there to that

wonderful country of sunshine and flowers. We could hardly contain ourselves, and when that little wheezy, coal-smoky busy-body of a shop goat hooked onto us and hauled us back to the paint shop, we forgot that we were mad at her.

The shop artists went right to work on us, and when they had finished, we found we had the lettering 'C.P.R.R. of California' on our tanks, and I had the number 3 and the name of the vice president C. P. Huntington on my cab. My sister had the number 4 and the name of T. D. Judah on her cab. We also learned from remarks of the artists that Mr. Judah was the man who surveyed the Central Pacific R.R. across the Sierra Nevada mountains; also that he was now dead. (Note: This was in November. Judah died November 2, 1863.)

"Young man (Note: What an honor at my age to be called young man!), I can tell you this -- I am nearly 100 years old, but I remember those events as if they were only yesterday. We could hardly sleep from the excitement of going to California. The next few days were busy ones for us. Our smoke-stacks were taken off, our bells, side-rods and pilots, and all were packed in wooden boxes. Then the men wiped oil all over parts that might get rusty. Then along came that hussy of a shop goat and whisked us down to a place called the wharf, where we could see two big beautiful boats tied up at the dock. One had the name 'Success' and the other 'Mary Robinson'.

"There was great excitement there on that wharf. Men were running back and forth with hand trucks loaded with kegs, boxes, bundles, and casks. Huge drays to which were harnessed four and six horses were coming and going, backing up, turning around, and getting into places where I was sure they could never get out again, but they always did.

"Some big ropes were then placed around me and, before I knew it, I was high in the air over the dark water. My, oh my, how I did hold on, as I was scared they would drop me in the water. But in a few minutes I was sitting on

the deck of the 'Success', surrounded by boxes of spikes, bolts, rail fastenings, rails, and machinery. Then a big piece of sail cloth was placed over me and made fast with ropes, and I could not see what was going on.

"Shortly after this, I felt the boat moving and knew that some pesky little tug boats were taking the 'Success' out to sea. Then I heard a great noise and bustle, and some deep-voiced man saying, 'Hoist away me hearties, hoist away on them ropes; avast you lubbers, belay all!' Such things I did not understand, but soon the boat began to roll and toss, and I knew that we were on the high seas. I hate to admit it, but I was scared and sick, for I knew that we were far from land on the great ocean. But then I got to thinking, this boat had been to sea many times and had made a number of trips to California -- why should I be scared, so I dropped off to sleep, if one can say a locomotive sleeps.

"After many days at sea, I was getting used to the roll of the boat, then a sudden wind came up with violence and the boat would seem to stand on end, then come down with a crash. I heard someone say, 'These d...d ship owners, greedy for gold, would have to overload this boat, and we're crazy enough to place cargo on the decks. If we don't lose that deck cargo it will be a miracle.'

"Finally, one great gust of wind tore the sail cloth off me, and I could look around. I was horrified. Our sails were being torn; great waves of water would wash over the decks; I was wet with saltwater. It was all the men could do to hold onto anything. Then I could see our brave captain, with his men holding onto the steering wheel, and he looked so brave and strong -- I forgot my fear.

"That night the wind went down and the boat rode easier than any time since we left the dock. In the morning, the sun came out bright and warm as

we sailed far from land. The sea looked calm and peaceful and oh so blue. Some of the men were mending sails, and I heard the captain tell his mate that it was the worst storm he ever experienced in rounding the Cape Horn.

"From then on, the weather was nice, the days were warmer, even the nights were not as cold as they had been. After many days, we could see land, and some said it was California. Then we rounded some big rocks and came in through a narrow pass which men said was the Golden Gate. But I could not see any gold and there was no gate. Soon, some tugs met us, and we took a pilot on board. Before too long, we were safely tied up at a dock. It got dark about this time, and I could not see anything.

"In the morning, I found out that we were at San Francisco. But, from what I could see, it was not much of a town. Some high hills, with a few houses here and there, but further back from the wharf, I could see some tall buildings. Look as I would, I could not see a single track, and I was wondering where I was going to work. Then the 'Mary Robinson' came in alongside of us, and there was my sister as big as life on the deck of that boat. I had been wondering what had become of her. Some big ropes were placed around me, and soon I was sitting on the dock with my sister and all of the stuff that the two boats had brought for the Central Pacific Railroad.

"We remained there on that wharf for a number of days while some fierce looking men with guns guarded us, both day and night. I could not understand this, but later learned that the boat owners would not let us go until the new railroad had paid the bill for hauling us and the supplies. Then one day a wagon the men called a surrey, drawn by two horses, came down to the wharf, and a couple of men got out and walked over to the small house on the wharf. These men had some canvas bags that looked heavy. One of the men was rather tall and walked very slowly and deliberately. Then our captain and the

captain from the Mary Robinson went into the little house with these two men, and we could hear money being counted.

"Presently, our captain and the tall man came out, and our captain said, 'All right, Mr. Hopkins, the amount of twelve thousand seven hundred eighty-one dollars is quite correct. You may now remove your property.' Then the two captains and the fierce men with the guns got into a hack and went away.

"Soon, some river boats, sailboats not steamers, came alongside, and right shortly I found myself on the deck of the 'Pet', and she was quite a gossip. Gave me all the news I was glad to hear. Said we were going up the Sacramento River to a place called Sacramento, where they were building the railroad. She said it might take us 6 days or more to get up there. My sister was loaded on the sloop 'P. A. Owens' and, seven days later, we were at the mud banks at Sacramento.

"A couple of big timbers were fastened to the deck of the 'Pet' by one end. The other end was fastened to the bank of the river. Huge ropes and snatch blocks were placed and one end of the rope was fastened to my draw bar. Then some of the queerest looking animals were hitched to the rope and some men with whips started in to yell and holler, and the big animals started to pull. I went up along those two big beams, but I was quite scared as they creaked and groaned. Just as I got to the top of the levee, a terrific explosion took place. Men tossed their hats into the air, and there was another explosion.

"You can well imagine that I was scared by now, and so were the poor animals, which Pet said were oxen. The oxen started to go the wrong way, and the men had a hard time to control them. Just then, a big powerful man with a large horse pistol in his hand came roaring out of somewhere. He shouted,

'Hey, you so and so of a such and such Captain Siddons, stop that infernal cannon of yours before I blow you into kingdom come!'

"Well, you may be assured that cannon did not go off again. Then this big man started to yell at the men, 'Come on, you loafers, get his locomotive on the tracks! What am I paying you for? What are you waiting for? Move up, or I'll dang soon move you up!'

"Then he calmed down a bit as the men started to work again. Captain Siddons came over and said, 'I am sorry Mr. Crocker, that I startled the oxen and gave them a scare. But it is quite an event -- new locomotives for the Pacific Railroad and, as you know, I always shoot off for any big event that happens in Sacramento.' So, Mr. Crocker and Captain Siddons, who ran a saloon on Front Street with rooming house above, shook hands and went into the saloon.

"In short order, I found myself on the tracks on Front Street with a locomotive called the 'Governor Stanford' hauling me down near the police station where there was a small shed. There was no sign of a shop anywhere. The Stanford told me she was the first to arrive for the Pacific R.R. (C.P.R.R.) and had arrived in 1863. She had been working right along except for a few days while the men had changed her gauge from 5 foot to 4 foot eight and one-half inches, or standard gauge. She told me there was another locomotive, 'Pacific No. 2', which had arrived a few months ago, and which was out at 17th and North B Street working.

"About this time, Mr. Crocker came along with a man by the name of Mr. Goss, and then Mr. Crocker got me all riled up by saying, 'What in h..l are we going to do with this little two by four locomotive? What is Huntington thinking of sending these little engines out here when we need big ones? But you had better get her fixed for service right away, Mr. Goss, for even though she is small she and the other one over there can be of some use.'

"While they were talking, my sister was taken off of the P. A. Owens, and the men were getting my pilot, rods, and stack in place; oiling up around and getting me ready for service. Then they discovered that I had a leak in the boiler, and then how Mr. Crocker did cuss! Thus, it was that my sister got into service first.

"On April 9, 1864, I was ready, and a Mr. Lonergan was told to take me out on the line. I'll never forget that day as long as I live. We went over across the narrow bridge that crossed the slough, then along the new levee to the American River where the new bridge over that river was just being finished. While on the long trestle approach to the bridge, Mr. Alfred Hart, a photo artist, took my picture. I had to stand perfectly still for forty seconds while the picture was being taken on the wet plate. Then, a few days later, I saw the picture; I was perfectly disgusted. Mr. Hart got the bridge all in the picture, but only the front part of me. That was many years ago, but just a few days ago, I saw one of those pictures in a magazine that a woman was looking at while she sat right where you are now.

"It made me laugh, because the magazine had some print under the picture and it said, 'One of the original transcontinental locomotives of the Southern Pacific Railroad'. Now, Mr. Joslyn, don't you make that mistake, and I'm sure you won't, because I never hauled any passenger trains over the mountains.

"Well, to continue. The next day, April 10, 1864, I went to work, and Mr. Lonergan was my engineer. Three platform cars (You call them flat cars now), loaded with the little 52-pound rails of those days, were attached to my tender, and I proudly hauled them out to the end of the track where the men put them in place, and I was soon running over those rails in my daily work, which was from 7 a.m. until 6 p.m., and sometimes later before we quit. You see, we had to get that railroad built quick. The men worked fast, and you

bet you would have worked fast too if you had a big strong man like Mr. Crocker for a boss. But I liked him, and the men liked him. He would get up in my cab and ride out with us on the first load we took out each morning. He had a terrific voice and could be heard a long ways off. He was a handsome man, and strong and lively. He would pitch right in and help his men lift big weights, or rails, and he could use a spike maul like none of the men could.

"We finally got out to a place called 'Griders' where our road crossed the tracks of the California Central Railroad. There was a small wheezy eight-wheel engine would come along Folsom with a box car and one passenger car going to Lincoln. This snip of an engine called the 'Harry Wilson' turned her nose up the first time she saw me and said, 'Well, well, see peewee! Where did you come from?' I simply tossed my head in the air and ignored the hussy, and it was not long after that when that catty little 8-wheeler was brought into the shops, overhauled, and given the name 'Oronoco', and several years later I saw her remains on the scrap pile where she had been broken up for scrap. It served her right.

"Our men were building a new station at Griders, and when it was finished, I saw the name was changed to 'Junction' because it was the junction of our railroad and the California Central Road. The Central Pacific one day bought the California Pacific and then stopped running trains from Junction to Folsom, but kept on running trains from Junction to Lincoln. Then one day when I went out there, I noticed the name had been changed to Roseville, and I think that is what it is still called.

"Well, we kept right on working, and pretty soon we had tracks laid right up to Rocklin where the men were building a nice round house all out of granite, as there was plenty of granite at Rocklin.

"Out around that part of the place where the railroad was building seemed to be all granite, and I know men had a hard time getting a hole dug and pit made for the turntable. Finally, we had rails laid as far as a place called 'Griffith's Granite Station', and I think afterwards that was named 'Penryn'; and at another place the men built a station and called it 'Pino' because there were some tall pines there and at Griffith's Granite Station there were no trees. Later, Pino was changed to Loomis. I think that is still the name of that station.

"Now we were getting right up in the hills, and it was getting harder and harder for poor little me to get up there with two cars of rails, then finally we would take three cars to Roseville, and I would take one car to the end of the line and come back for the second one and then the third. Mr. Crocker fumed about this delay and slow work. Said, 'I wish Huntington would hurry along those big locomotives he promised.'

"Sure enough, one day as we came into Sacramento early, we heard Captain Siddon's cannon booming. He called his cannon 'Union Boy' and was very proud of it. The Stanford was getting ready to haul some freight and a carload of rails out on the line, and Hank Small had her whistle shrieking for all it was worth. Mr. Lonergan did not know what it was all about, but he started my whistle going and kept it up until I thought my ears would split.

"When we got to the levee, we found that two boats had arrived with a lot of rails and parts for the railroad; also, two locomotives, the 5 and 6. And, say, that 6 spot was the biggest locomotive I had ever seen. Why, she had six drivers wheels, and her cylinders were 17 x 24 inches, and my cylinders were only 11 x 15 inches. She was all but dismantled and just had the boiler on her frames and wheels. And what a task to get her off the boat onto the levee. Those poor oxen surely worked hard.

"The next day, I hauled that monster down to the shed, and gracious how I did puff to move her. It took the men ten days to get that engine all together. When they finally got her all together and painted, I noticed her name was 'Conness', and she was named for Senator Conness who had helped the railroad in many ways. And she was not a bit stuck up, but greeted me nicely and thanked me for the lift I had given her.

"When this monster was ready to go out on trial trip, the City Trustees, County officials, some State officials, and railroad officials climbed on her tender, in her cab, on her running boards, on her pilot, or wherever they could hold on. They had some big baskets with a banquet in them, also some other baskets with bottles of wine and boxes of cigars. Later, I learned from the Conness that when they got out to Elvas, they had some speeches, and Mr. Crocker was there fuming because they were holding up getting that locomotive into service on the railroad.

"I was on the levee when they got back, and how some of those men did not get killed is beyond me. They were what we call 'under the weather'.

"About this time in 1865, I met a man whom I found to be a very bright mechanic and a very good draftsman, I found out later on. I first met him the same day that I met Mr. Stanford, who was president of the railroad. We were puffing along Front Street with two cars of rails when the Conness came along with ten carloads of rails, spikes, and bolts. Imagine that! Ten full cars! We had to back into a siding to let the Conness go by and that rather upset me, so when we started out, I kicked up a big fuss getting up that slight grade. My drivers spun around and shot fire out of the rails.

"Just then a spirited team of bay horses attached to a fine sulky came around off J Street. When they saw me and the fuss I was making, those horses started to rear up on their hind legs and back up. A good looking,

well-dressed man in the sulky spoke gently to the horses and held a tight line on them and soothed them and got them quieted down somewhat. Then he told us to get out of there quick and a little more quiet.

"We got out in a hurry! Then, as we were going down Front Street all excited about scaring Mr. Stanford's horses, a man walking along the tracks held up his hand for us to stop. He got up in the cab and told Mr. Lonergan to 'run her out a little'. We did not know what was going on, but we uncoupled from the cars and ran up and down a few times while this man listened. Then he said to Mr. Lonergan, 'Just as I thought. Those Cooke people did not put in balance plates. We shall take her in the shop and see what is wrong.' Mr. Lonergan asked, 'Who are you to give orders?' Just then, Mr. Stanford came up to us and greeted the man as Mr. Stoddard. We found out Mr. Stoddard was Chief Draftsman for the C.P., a job he held from 1865 until he retired in 1908. And we found out that he had the right to give orders, as many others found out through the years that followed. So, Mr. Stoddard said, 'That is all right, George, you fix the engines up so they will do their work. There is plenty of work for them to do.'

"The next day, the Atlantic took me over to the new shops at 6th and E Streets, and Mr. Ackerman, foreman of the machine shops, had his man remove the covers from my valves and, sure enough, there were no balance plates and my valves were badly worn, so much so that a great deal of steam would escape without doing its work.

"Mr. Stoddard made some new sketches of the valves and the steam chest, including balance plates, and Mr. Benjamin Welch had his men make some patterns, and Mr. Baxter had his men cast them. When they had finished and placed them in my steam chest, I could pull three cars of rails right up to Newcastle; not the huge cars of today, but the little platform cars of those

days that would hold about fifteen tons of rails. Made of wood, and the trucks made partly of wood with small 26-inch wheels, those cars rolled right along when I pulled them.

"About this time, the work was getting too heavy for me, so for a short time I was put to work hauling the trains from Sacramento to Lincoln. They were light trains, one small freight car with about ten tons of freight, a small baggage and smoking car combined, a small passenger car. I liked that job as it did not take much effort, and I saw many folks along the different stations. Sometimes my sister and I would go double-header with an excursion train to Folsom or a picnic train to the same place.

"The yards at Sacramento were getting bigger and bigger all the time, and fine new buildings were being built where the slough used to be. The small old-time locomotive William Penn, with engineer-fireman combined, George Shapman, was doing the switching around the shops until it got too light for the work, so I would sometimes be put on to help.

"Then one day my BIG day came. I was selected to haul the first passenger train from Sacramento to Stockton on the Western Pacific. This was in 1869. This road was built from Sacramento to San Jose and a branch to Alameda and later to Oakland. I had a young fellow by the name of Brown as engineer. When we were ready with a baggage and two small passenger cars, he patted me and said, 'Young Lady, you have a big job ahead of you; now please don't fall down.' I don't think he had confidence in me, but I fooled him. We made that trip in one hour, thirty-five minutes. Coming back, we were told to slow down a little, as the rails were not fully ballasted yet. I had run for several months on that run, but our time was slowed to a little over two hours on account of so many stops for passengers, and I had to stop for water because my tank only holds 300 gallons.

"But, here I am way up in 1869 and there is a little story of 1865 that I ought to tell you. One blustery day in March 1865, I was at the steamer landing at the foot of K Street waiting for the steamer 'Chrysopolis' to come in from San Francisco. We had to get some passengers, freight, and mail off that boat and take them to Folsom.

"The boat got in, and the Pony Express rider grabbed his bag of fast mail for points north and was away on his sorrel filly, like a shot, the horse throwing mud from its hoofs and striking fire out of the stones in the street. Then my attention was called to a bewildered boy who had got off the boat, holding tightly to his carpet bag and looking as if he expected someone.

"Mr. Strowbridge, one of the construction superintendents of the railroad, walked up and said, 'You seem to be lost, young man! Is there anything I can do to help you?' 'Why yes', replied the lad, 'I am looking for some boss on the railroad. I understand they need men, and I am looking for a job.'

Mr. Strowbridge smiled at this, as the boy looked quite young. But Mr. Strowbridge told the lad, 'If you really want a job, I'll give you one as my engineers need an active boy to carry and drive stakes. So you just run around the corner there to the Western Hotel. Tell Mr. Land that I sent you, get a good night's sleep, eat a hearty breakfast, and be on hand here at 6 a.m., as that is when we leave.' Well, that boy was right there on time, and he said, 'I hope this job lasts.'

"Well, the job did last, for Joel Osgood Wilder, who was the lad, began service with the Central Pacific Company that blustery March day in 1865 and, when he retired from the Southern Pacific, had worked 55 years for the railroad. Mr. Wilder died in 1937, and he was always a good workman and, in all the 55 years that he worked for the railroad, he was never once late for work. He was for a short time an engineer on the road, but gave it up later to go into the rod shop at Sacramento. He was always a good friend of mine.

"And now the boats began to come in faster and faster with material for the railroad. And so many new engines kept coming from the east, being set up and going on the road, that I lost track of them. Some went out and we never saw them again. By now, the men had fixed up a new way of getting the engines off the boats and did not have to use the poor oxen any more. But Captain Siddons kept up his cannon booming every time an engine would unload. Finally, the city stopped him as the noise was bothering folks.

"We did not see much of Mr. Crocker any more. He was way up there in the mountains, and he had some new kind of men working for him. They were called Chinamen, and to us were queer looking. The first time I saw them, I thought they were women, as they wore their hair long, in two braids, had on long blouses that looked like short skirts, and wore big basket hats. They wore baggy pantaloons, tied tight around their ankles. They carried their possessions in basket sort of things on the end of a pole across their shoulders. And they did not wear shoes or boots; rather, they wore odd shaped slippers.

"We could not understand a word they said, as their language was not like ours. A few could speak a little English, but even then we could not always understand them. They were good workmen, patient, industrious, and not a bit quarrelsome. They did not eat beef or mutton, and liked best rice, fish, chicken, ducks, and pork. They drank plenty of cold tea between meals and hot tea with meals, but did not like nor drink coffee. They drank very little water. They smoked funny little pipes out on the end of a long stem and smoked only Chinese tobacco, which had a peculiar odor and was very strong, as some of our men found out when they tried to smoke it.

"But to continue with my life story. One day, the little old Sacramento Valley RR locomotive 'Nevada' was brought into the shops, the sheels taken

out, and it was put on a platform car and sent up to the summit to help build the tunnel up there. We never saw her again.

"As I sit here telling you of my life, there are events crowded into my mind, things that I had forgotten. One day, a tall quiet man came along with Mr. Stoddard, and I met Andrew Jackson Stevens for the first time. I had heard of him and how he liked engines. He was soft-spoken, and I liked him right away. He had a habit of standing with his hands in his pantaloons pockets, listening to what was being said, saying little himself. In those days, the men had their pantaloons pockets straight down from the front, not on the sides as now. And they called them pantaloons, not pants or trousers. They had no crease in the legs of their pantaloons, and the tailors iron the legs so that they were perfectly round, and there were cuffs on the ends of the legs. A crease that would develop in shipment was ironed out at once when unpacked from the shipping crate.

"Well, as I was saying, Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Stevens came along one day and were looking at a line of locomotives that had come back from the front because they were worn out. Mr. Stevens said, 'George' (that was Mr. Stoddard) 'I think we can rebuild engines and get more out of them. I don't think they were built to any specifications in the first place, just put together from old ideas. Suppose you get after them. Make some plans and I'll have Sam (Sam Gerrish, General Foreman) bring them into the shop and fix them up to your plans.'

"Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Gerrish went right to work on the engines and, when they were turned out rebuilt, they could do twice as much work as when new. Mr. Gerrish was a fine mechanic and could get work done fast. I always liked him. He built the first brick house in Sacramento and planted the first orange tree in town. The men laughed at him when he spoke of getting an

orange tree. 'Why, they won't grow here, Sam', they told him. But they did grow here and that house is still standing on G Street and the orange tree is still there and has oranges on it every year, when they do not get frosted. One of the men who is retired from the shops is living in that house.

"One day, my engineer got orders to go round by the shops at 6th and E Streets, where we found the funniest looking thing I ever saw. It had a big shovel-like front on it, and some said it was a snow plow and that Uncle Ben Welch (Benjamin Welch) had made it from his own ideas. I heard one of the men say, 'It will take more than the three spot (meaning me, of course) to push that thing through the snow.' Well, maybe it would, but I did not want to go up there in that cold snow country in the mountains. I remembered when sister and I set out under that shed at Patterson with the cold snow all over us. Brrr, never again for me.

"I well remember one day in 1869 we got word that the railroad was built all the way to Ogden and that the Union Pacific had finished their end of the line from the east. Then we had a gala day. That was the tenth of May 1869, and I can remember as well as if it were yesterday, although all the folks that were there that day are now dead.

"Not even one of the engines that were present that day are now here. I feel so alone and lonely that I could weep. But to continue my story; we had one huge parade. It was first intended to take my sister and myself in the parade along the horse car tracks. But Mr. Stevens said, 'No, the wheels on those engines would not ride the horse car tracks, they would derail!' That made me sort of sad, but I brightened up when I found out the parade would come along Front Street, and we would have what you might call a grandstand seat, and could see it all.

"Mr. Wheeler was Grand Marshall of the parade, and he was riding a beautiful black horse and had a brand new saddle trimmed with silver. The bridle was also trimmed in silver. Mr. Wheeler wore striped pantaloons, a yellow vest with flowers on it, shiny boots, a new silk top hat, a full dress coat of black, and a beautiful sash across his shoulders. He looked just grand.

"Behind the Marshall was the Chief of Police, Mr. John McClintock, in a brand new uniform wearing a nice new silver police star on his breast. He was riding a big sorrel gelding. His men walked, and they had new uniforms, new boots, and the new style helmet-shaped hats with 'Sacramento Police Department' in gold braid and lettering on their helmets.

"Then came the Sacramento Union Brass Band, playing 'Wait for the Wagon' as they passed.

"Next came the Chief of the Fire Department, Mr. Frank Johnson, riding in his new buggy painted bright red, with a large silver gong on the dash board. He had a regular fireman's uniform trimmed with braid and wore a large silver helmet that seemed rather heavy for him, as he kept shifting it.

"His men walked behind him in the parade, and they were dressed in red shirts, dark blue pantaloons, and wore a regulation fireman's helmet. My, they surely looked grand as they drew their pumpers and hose carts, the pumpers and carts decorated with flowers and ribbons. You must remember they did not have any steam fire engines in those days, and the firemen ran to a fire pulling their equipment themselves.

"Then there were bands and marching men from Folsom, Stockton, Woodland, Marysville, Davisville, and other towns in and near Sacramento. Those towns sent their fire department and firemen, and they made a grand sight. But I thought, 'O dear, what would happen in those towns if a fire broke out and their men and equipment all here in Sacramento!'

"In the parade there were a number of floats, the National Guard, the Sacramento Hussars, Sacramento Cadets, Washington Rifles; everything was so pretty and nice. If I live to be a hundred years old, I'll never see another parade like that one, and I have since seen a lot of them, even took part in some of them myself. Of course, Captain Siddons had his cannon booming until it got too hot to shoot anymore. The church bells and the fire bells were ringing, whistles on factories were blowing, all the locomotives in the yard had their cords tied down to keep the whistles blowing and the men in the cabs ringing the bells. It was surely a din! And that night, after dark, we had some grand fireworks.

"Well, I remember when President Stanford's train arrived from Promontory after driving the last spike. In his train were the first brand new cars to arrive all set up ready for passengers. The very first to come overland in a train from the east. Those two cars were built by the Wasson Manufacturing Company and were painted a deep orange yellow color, highly varnished, and with the name 'Central Pacific Railroad Company of California' on their letter boards. The numbers 12 and 13 were on each end of each car. (Those were the 12th and 13th new passenger cars.) All of the lettering was placed on in gold leaf -- real gold; no make-believe in those days! The cars had the new Creamer brakes, seats finished in bright red plush, and had the new style heaters with box-like thing that went along from the stove under the windows to keep the entire length of the cars warm in cold weather. When I hooked onto those two cars, they were so easy to move and rolled along so nice.

"Well, you may be sure that from then on we were busy. Train after train came from the east with folks coming to California. And lots of folks were going east to visit their old homes and towns and see folks they had not seen for some time.

"And freight! Oh my, oh my! There was so much freight coming that sister and I and the Stanford were just about worked to death switching those cars around. We did not have freight cars enough and had to borrow some from other roads. We switched the cars down by the steamer landing, and freight was loaded on boats for San Francisco.

"Every hotel in town was crowded with folks coming in on what they called 'The cars'! There was the Western Hotel, What Cheer House, the Mansion House rooms, Golden Eagle Hotel, Union Hotel, Ebner's Hotel, Railroad Hotel. Besides, there were a number of rooming houses taking care of folks who could not get a hotel room. Many of the folks did not go back home but remained here and built homes for themselves.

"Along about this time, the California Pacific Railroad got their road built from Vallejo to Davisville and then right on to Washington (You know it as Broderick today), and rebuilt the bridge across the Sacramento River so that trains could cross. Then one day their first train from Vallejo with passengers from San Francisco, the train pulled by their small eight-wheel engine named Marysville, arrived at Washington and then across the bridge. There they were stopped by our people who would not let them across our tracks on Front Street.

"Our folks had torn out their crossing, so they had to back their train across the bridge to Washington and unload their passengers there, and the folks had to walk across the bridge, mad as could be!

"Every time the California Pacific would try to put a crossing in, our folks would stop them. Finally, our folks kept the locomotive Atlantic going back and forth where the California Pacific was trying to put in a crossing. Finally, after a few weeks, our folks and the California Pacific made some sort of an understanding and their trains were allowed to cross our tracks,

went on beyond First and Broad Streets, and unloaded their passengers alongside the slough by our new shops. From there, hacks took the folks uptown.

"Shortly after that, our folks made an agreement with the California Pacific, and they could come in alongside the slough, then back around to our depot on Front Street between I and J Streets. Then one day, we learned that the Central Pacific (our railroad) had bought the California Pacific. In later years, about 1879, we built a nice new station where the California Pacific had first unloaded their passengers. That depot, or station as some call it, was there until 1926 when it was moved over near the big new station and used as a train shed for the Pullman cars.

"Lots of things had happened in Town in 1869. I cannot tell you about all of them, you would get too tired listening to me talk. But I do want to tell you how our passengers got to San Francisco. Our trains would come round back of the round house off North B Street and right down the river levee to our depot on Front Street. The passengers for San Francisco would get off the train and get on one of the fast steamers, either the Chrysopolis, Amelia, Julia, or Enterprise. And there was a new boat called the Chin Du Wan, and it did not belong to us. It was a beautiful boat inside and out and had fast engines, so the boat made fast time. Some folks said that on the Chin Du Wan they served fine meals. I would not know. This boat had a steam caliope attached to her boiler and when she was about two miles downstream approaching Sacramento, she would start to play tunes on that caliope. That music sure did sound fine on the river. A small woman used to play that caliope, and how anyone as small as she was could make such sweet music on those steam whistles is beyond me.

"After we had fixed things up with the California Pacific and bought them, some of our passengers from the east would go on the California Pacific trains to Vallejo where they would get on the fast boat 'New World' and go on to San Francisco.

"I continued to switch around the depot, and sometimes would take a train to Folsom if there were not more than three cars. And many times, in the spring, I would take excursion trains out and back to Dry Creek station. You folks know that as Arcade now. Our folks charged 25 cents round trip out to Dry Creek where folks would picnic and also gather wildflowers that grew oh so pretty in those days! We would sometimes make four round trips on a Sunday out there. Then there were picnic crowds that I liked to haul to Richmond Grove that was between Q and R Streets from 19th to 21st. In later years, I used to once in a while haul the crowds out to Snowflake Park at 28th and R Streets where the ball games were played.

"Then one day in November 1869 we got orders to go over to the new shops and get a car and bring it over to the depot on Front Street. We went over the long trestle to the shops where we found a nice car numbered 7, with the words, 'Director's Car' on its sides. It had six-wheel trucks, the first that I had seen on our cars. The men talking told our switchman that the car was fitted up just grand inside and that it had been rebuilt from one of the California Central cars of the road that our folks had bought.

"Then came word that the Western Pacific had finished the road all the way to San Jose and a branch to Melrose where it connected with tracks of the San Francisco and Oakland Railroad. And that line connected with the San Francisco and Alameda Railroad. And our line would soon be running to Oakland Point and to the mole in Alameda. Then our passengers would stay right on the trains from the east until they reached the ferry landing and from there across the bay to San Francisco on some ferry boats.

"And I had the honor of hauling the Director's Car down to the opening of the new road. Mr. Stanford, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Strong, the board of directors, and some State officials got in the car and we started out R Street, switched off onto the Western Pacific tracks at Brighton and on down to Stockton. We were in no great hurry, as the directors wanted to look at the tracks and also to get a feel of how well the road was built.

"From Stockton, we went down to a place called Lathrop, and the men were building a new round house there and a station with what we called an eating house, because trains were to stop there while passengers got their meals. We did not have diners in those days.

"Shortly after leaving Lathrop, we came to some hills and they were rather hard on poor little me. To make matters worse, we were not burning that nice pine wood that we had at Sacramento; we were burning oak wood, and it did not seem to burn very good. My fireman would stir up the fire, then throw in some more oak. Pretty soon, my fire box was chuck full of wood, and then it started to burn lively. That fire kept getting hotter and hotter and my safety valve was blowing off hard. I thought I was going to melt. Pretty soon, we got to Alameda and that fire was still burning hot and my safety valve was still blowing off. My engineer had to keep running me back and forth to keep the cross-head pump working water into the boiler. We did not have injectors in those days. Finally, the fire burned itself out.

"While I was sitting there after the fire went out, a small eight-wheel engine with a bonnet stack came panting along and stopped near us. She had two small cars and told me she was working on the run from Alameda to the point where the passengers got off the boat from San Francisco, and she always had passengers on the return trip to go to San Francisco by ferry.

"She also told me that Mr. A. J. Stevens had built her right there at Alameda Point. Her name was J. G. Kellogg, the name of the man who had built the road.

"This was her last trip for the day, so I asked her where the round house was. She just smiled and exclaimed, 'Round house! What on earth are you talking about? What is a round house?' I explained what it was and told her that locomotives went to bed in there at night. 'Why you silly little goose', said the Kellogg, 'we do not have any such thing down here. We sleep right out in the open and, even though the fog is damp and cold, we get used to it!'

"We remained there at Alameda for several days, then took the Director's Car and backed up a few miles, crossed over onto another track, and went down to Oakland along 7th Street. When we came to a big puddle where there was a sign 'Broadway' and a small station, we ran onto a siding and stopped. It may have been Broadway, it was wide enough, but there were no houses except way up the street, where there were also some tall buildings and stores. But there was plenty of mud and, when a bob-tailed horse car with two horses attached came down that sea of mud, I was amazed as I could not see a sign of any rails or car tracks.

"About this time, an odd little locomotive with the name 'Liberty' on her cab, came up 7th Street and stopped at the small station. She had a small car, part baggage and part passenger. Some folks got off this train and, walking on some boards over the sea of mud, boarded the horse car and went up town, in the mud puddle.

"This little locomotive told me she belonged to the San Francisco and Oakland Railroad and was hauling trains, both freight and passenger, from San Antonio, where there was a wharf, up to Broadway and 7th Street. Folks came over on a boat from San Francisco and went back from Oakland on this same boat, which made about four trips each way a day.

"I learned from the Liberty that the Central Pacific was going to run overland trains down 7th Street to the wharf, then our passengers could get on the boat and go across the bay to San Francisco. Sure enough, the next day, November 7, 1869, the train from Ogden came down that track onto the wharf at San Antonio (all part of Oakland now) and, after the train went by, we followed it. Somewhere down there a cannon was booming for all it was worth, and I thought that it was Captain Siddons and his Union Boy, but found out later that it was someone else.

"All the little buildings and houses along 7th Street were decorated, and we could see the buildings uptown were also decorated. Pretty soon, it got dark, and we could not see much because those little kerosene lamps on poles were far apart and did not give much light. Then, three or four bands from Oakland and San Francisco got together and all played at once. My, what nice music! They played 'Clear the Way' and 'Wait for the Wagon', both of which were very popular in those days.

"Firecrackers were popping off, roman candles and skyrockets were going up, and the crowd was cheering for all it was worth. That noisy cannon kept it up until it got too hot to shoot any more. There was a big bandstand alongside the tracks, and the bands played from there. Then the bands got off the stand, and you would have laughed right out loud if you could have seen what kind of lights they had. Just bunches of candles stuck in potatoes hanging from the poles around the stand!

"A whole lot of speeches were made, and that was the custom in those days. Mayor John B. Felton of Oakland said in his speech, 'Ladies and Gentlemen: This is the birthday of Oakland as a commercial city and it is due to the Central Pacific Railroad.' My, how the crowd cheered at that. But I shall not try to tell you about all the speeches, it would tire you out, besides my memory is not too clear about some of them.

"The next day, November 8, 1869, the locomotive Gold Run pulled out of the Point with the overland train and, as she passed me, she gave me a wink and was gone like the wind. The Oakland paper that our engineer was reading had great big headlines, 'TODAY COMES THUNDERING INTO OAKLAND THE GREAT IRON HORSE'.

"We soon followed the train, and I was pulling the Director's Car. Some different men got on the car with Mr. Stanford, and two of them I remember were named Mr. Fair and Mr. Sharon. We also had the Mayor of Oakland. Some said that Mr. Fair and Mr. Sharon were big money men from Nevada. Our car was pretty full, but we arrived at Sacramento in the afternoon, and the men had a good chance to talk over some plans, as we did not go fast enough to jolt them too much.

"The next day, I had a new engineer named Hopkins, and we were sent out with three cars of rails and spikes and some men. Our work was to put in sidings along the Western Pacific. My sister followed us with several cars of ties. I was kept on this job for a long time. I began to get dirty, and my nice red paint was all smeared up with dirt and mud, my wheels were worn, and I would go off the track. Then how those men did swear. It was dreadful, the language they used, and swore right at poor little me. It was not so easy to get me back on the track, and I felt so blue and wanted to cry when those men kept swearing!

"To my surprise, one morning I was not sent out with the work train but taken into the nice new machine shop that was built alongside the slough and over what had been part of the slough. I was given a good overhauling. New tires on my drive wheels, new wheels in my engine trucks. Say, when those mechanics got through, I was just like new. Then into the paint shop with the passenger cars. Those artists gave me a new coat of red paint. Instead of

the letters C.P.R.R. on my tank, they placed a fancy monogram, which is the one I still have. My number was changed from 3 to 1 and, thus, I became the first locomotive of the Southern Pacific. I have had the number 1 ever since, although in 1891 my number was supposed to be changed to 1001, but I never did have that number placed on me.

"This was along in July 1871 and I was sent down to a place called San Jose to work on the old San Francisco and San Jose Railroad, which became the first part of the big Southern Pacific of today. The S.P. built a road out to a place from San Jose, called Tres Pinos, and I hauled the two-car train out there and back each day, two round trips a day. My goodness, I felt so happy on that run! Then the road was built further out to a place called Hollister, and I had that run for a while.

"Sometimes when there was a big rush, I would take a three-car train to San Francisco. Oh dear me, that was a dreadful trip! There were some hills that we had to climb, and sometimes I could not make it and would have to back down and make another run at it. My engineer was a man named Kelly, and I never heard a man swear like he did. And horrors! that man cussed me as if I was to blame!

"One day Mr. Stanford came along and, looking at me, decided he wanted me to haul his private car 'Stanford' out along the line of the new railroad that the S.P. was building. How happy I was, as that job was a snap. His car was a big one, but the six-wheel trucks made it roll along nicely and did not give me any trouble. Besides, Mr. Stanford was not in any hurry and, when we had to stop and use those buckets that I carry on the back of my tank to dip water from the creek or ditch alongside of the track, he would get out and watch and sometimes he would help.

"One day we met a pay car, and it was the funniest thing I ever saw. It was part car and part locomotive and was built by the Vulcan Iron Works in San Francisco. It, with several others, was used on the Market Street Railroad in San Francisco to pull trains from 4th and Market Street to 17th and Valencia where the S.P. depot was. This was originally the San Francisco and San Jose depot, so the men said.

"We stopped to let the car go by, but first our engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman, and Mr. Stanford's cook and steward got their month's pay off the car. This funny looking car-engine had 'Market Street Railroad' on its letter board and number 4 on the front end of the boiler.

"When I had been at San Jose for about 14 years, the men said I would have to go up home and have a new boiler. My boiler was getting old and, while the men put in some new flues and fixed me up several times, I was getting all run down and worn out, and I would have to go home, for you must know I always thought of Sacramento as my home.

"So one bright day early in 1888 I went out without any cars, and I was just as happy as could be. I was going home. I would see my old friends and some of the men that I used to know and like. But, alas, what a disappointment for poor little me!

"Why, I hardly knew Sacramento any more. When we turned off at Brighton and started down the tracks of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, things did not look the same. At R Street, where the tracks crossed the road to Stockton, there was a little shed of a station that had not been there before. It had the name of 'Homestead' on it.

"At 21st and R Streets, where the big cut had been, they had taken all that cut and hill away, and a winery was on one side of the tracks, a big brewery on the other. Several engines were working along R Street but not a single engine that I knew.

"But Richmond Grove looked just the same, in a way. But they had put up a high board fence around it, and I could just barely see the top of the Beer Garten. When we came to Front Street, I noticed the old Sacramento Valley depot was gone and the old Central Pacific depot had been made over into a freight shed. A little further on, I noticed that the old slough between Front and 3rd Streets had all been filled in. Where the California Pacific had their depot was all filled in and raised with dirt, and the Central Pacific had a fine new station. We did not go up that way like we used to. Instead we kept going right into the shops and alongside of the old Chinese laundry that was still there. The men left me alongside the old laundry and near the woodpile. I noticed that there was not as much wood as there used to be, and a little further over was a large pile of coal.

"Now, please don't laugh at me, but I was sick at heart and as blue as a lady could get. I was a stranger in a strange land so it seemed. Then a little voice spoke up and said, 'Are you getting snooty in your old age?' And lo and behold, there was my sister sitting over by the coal pile! I did not know her at first because she had an extra pair of wheels under her cab and a small three pair of wheels on a tender separate from her.

"Well, you may be sure we got to talking and sister gave me a lot of news, how Mr. Stevens had built 14 brand new eight-wheel fast engines; ten for the Central Pacific and two for the Virginia & Truckee Railroad. How he had built a giant locomotive #229 with twelve drive wheels and it had upper and lower valves, and how he had built the giant locomotive #237 and named it 'El Gobernador', although the Central Pacific was no longer naming their locomotives. 'But this one', said sister, 'was the largest locomotive in the world at this time, so Mr. Stevens named it El Gobernador, The Governor, in honor of Gov. Stanford.'

"She also told me that some of our old friends had been scrapped or sold and that many new locomotives were coming from the builders in the east. How the Central Pacific had bought the old California Pacific Bridge and had it made all over new and used the How Truss patent to rebuilt it.

"She told me that many of the locomotives were now burning coal and that she was burning coal, although she still had her diamond stack and that many of the locomotives that were burning coal still had diamond stacks.

"In the morning, I saw a train come across the new bridge, and she had a long smoke box and a horrid looking straight smokestack. I did not like the looks of her at all.

"Then Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Max Eichrodt came down from the drawing room and measured my little boiler. Mr. Stoddard said, 'Max, we will make the boiler just like the old one so that we will not have to make new cylinders.' For you must know that my cylinders are bolted to the smoke box on each side, and I do not have cylinders with half saddles.

"While these two men were making measurements and sketches, my sister was fired up and, as she went away, giving me a wink of the eye, I heard Mr. Stoddard say, 'There goes the old Juday down to Berkeley to haul the local out of Oakland for the new town of Berkeley.' And I noticed that my sister went out across the bridge instead of down Front Street and our R Street. I wondered about this. But I learned later that the C.P. had built a big ferry boat that took the trains right on the boat and ferried them across from Benicia to Port Costa.

"A few days later, I was taken in the machine shop and was stripped down to my frames and cylinders. Soon a new boiler was built by Mr. Dunnigan and his men and, after the new boiler was put in place, all my parts were brought back looking like new, all cleaned up and repaired. When my rods came back, I

received a pleasant surprise, for Mr. Joel Wilder brought them and put them in place. He had left the engineer gang a long time ago and was working in the machine shop as a machinist. He did all the side rod work for the locomotives. Golly, was I glad to see him!

"After everything was placed back, and a neat new coat of paint applied, tests all made, I went for a trial trip out to Roseville. I noticed the old bridge at Elvas over the American River was gone, and a fine new bridge had been built in its place. The men said the old one had been washed out by high water.

"At Roseville, which was just a small place where trains stopped for a few minutes and went to the left, over the California & Oregon Railroad to Portland, or went straight ahead to Rocklin and then on over the mountains. While we were waiting at Roseville, I met a young fellow who I liked right away. He was much interested in locomotives, and my engineer let him ride back with us and even let him run me part of the way. Walter Shields was his name, and he was an engineer on the S.P. when he grew up. He was killed near Arcade Station in 1928 when a mule got on the track and derailed the locomotive of the fast train, the El Dorado enroute to Chico. Walter was badly scalded when his locomotive derailed and tipped over.

"While I was at Sacramento, Mr. A. J. Stevens died. Everyone felt so bad about his death, because he was such a nice man, so quiet, a good mechanic, and everyone liked him. He was General Master Mechanic. The men always spoke of him as the 'Friend of Labor'. The shops shut down for his funeral, and so many wanted to attend the funeral that it was held privately in a cemetery in Oakland where he is buried. The men of the shops and other men on the railroad held services in memoriam in Grace Episcopal Cathedral on 8th Street between I and J Streets. The church was crowded and, of course, I could not go, but I wanted to.

"The pallbearers at his funeral in Oakland were: Mr. A. N. Towne, Mr. J. A. Fillmore, Mr. J. R. Watson, Mr. Benjamin Welch, Mr. J. B. Wright, Mr. William McKenzie, Mr. George Stoddard, Mr. Jabez Turner, Mr. Steven Uren, and Mr. B. A. Worthington, who were all railroad men. In addition, the Governor of the State, Mayor of Sacramento, and several businessmen of Sacramento were honorary pallbearers.

"In 1889, all the railroad men got together under Mr. E. B. Hussey, who was general foreman in the machine shop, and raised a sum of money to put up a nice bronze statue of Stevens in the City Plaza at Sacramento. It is still there, but few folks know anything about Mr. Stevens.

"But to continue my life story: I am sorry, Mr. Joslyn, that I got away from the story. When I was ready for service, I did not go back to San Jose. They gave me two brand new cars built at the shops. Small cars they were, and I took them down to Oakland. Away I went, across the new bridge, and on over the Old California Pacific tracks to Suisun-Fairfield, then we went on across the swamp lands to Benicia where we went onto the new ferryboat 'Solano' and across the straits to Port Costa and down to Oakland. I was soon helping my sister haul the local trains out to Berkeley.

"We were soon too small for that job as more passengers wanted faster service. We sat around the yards at Oakland for a short time then back to Sacramento where my sister received some repairs, and she was shipped over to a sugar plantation in the Hawaiian Islands, only we called them the Sandwich Islands in those days. I never saw sister again!

"When I came back to Sacramento, I found the new Superintendent of Motive Power, as they called him (Mr. Stevens had been called General Master Mechanic), had scrapped all the old engines in the yards. My friend the 'Pioneer', built in 1849 and the first locomotive in use on the Pacific Coast,

and had belonged to the Sacramento Valley Railroad, had also been scrapped. What a pity. Mr. Hussey got so mad about this and also so mad that Mr. McKenzie had not been promoted to Superintendent of Motive Power, that he quit and went to work for the government at Mare Island.

"I stood around the yard at Sacramento for several months with nothing to do, and the General Superintendent of Motive Power, Mr. Small, was going to scrap me but for some reason did not do so. I went out on the paint train.

"Then the men fixed up a couple of cars, one to live in and one to take drums of paint, paint buckets, ladders, and all things necessary for painting bridges, culverts, depots, and stations. That was a dirty, smelly job. And I got dirty, and you could not see my name or number for the grime. Not only that, but I had been painted a nasty old black color before we went out on the job.

"It soon developed that I was getting too small for that smelly old dirty job and was brought back to Sacramento and set down in the yard with some of my old friends, who had also got too old and too worn out for service.

"That was in 1897 when I was set aside. After several months time, Mr. Jesse Martin and Mr. Stoddard came only one day. Mr. Martin looked me over and said, 'George, this old girl will answer our purpose.' And I got all riled up at being called old. But I guess I was getting old, for you must know that a locomotive was considered old after twenty or more years.

But you know, I liked Mr. Martin. He was a smart man, and he was the first man to make an oil burner for a locomotive and make it work. He also made a bell ringer that he patented and several other things that railroads use. He was smart, all right.

"I was taken up to the machine shop, and a big tank was fitted on top of my water tank. And out front, the men fitted a thing in place of my pilot,

which was taken off. I was fired up, and Mr. Bill Kopka, engineer, and Mr. George Theiss, his brother-in-law, as fireman, took me out along the line, and Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Martin and some other men went along. The men lit a fire in that big thing out front, and it burned from oil in the tank in my tender. We went along where there were a lot of weeds and that fire just burned those weeds right down to the ties. But it also burned the ties.

"So back we went to the shops and got a big wooden water car. It had sprinklers under it and that put out the fire in the ties. But, goodness gracious, it was just about all I could do to push that big burner and haul the water car. Sometimes my drive wheels would lift right off the rails, and then we were stalled. So, it was decided the burner was no good after all. So, they brought me home, took the tank off my tender, and the big burner off the front end of my frame. But did not put back the pilot. Then I was taken back of the old tender shop and stored as worthless.

"A few times I was taken out to do some light shop switching. Then finally on June 1, 1900, I was condemned, and it was written right in the records, 'Broken up June, 1900'. You remember seeing that record, don't' you, Mr. Joslyn? (Note: D. L. J. did see that record.)

"That I was to be broken up sent a chill through my heart. There rushed through my mind all the places I had been, all the jobs I had done, and done them faithfully. I thought of all my old-time friends and all the men I had known and worked with. It was a terrible feeling. As each day went by, I kept thinking, 'When will the men come with the wrenches and sledge hammers to break me up?'

"Time went on, and I was not broken up for some reason. There was a big bumper at my back and, as more dead engines were placed in front of me, they kept banging me against that bumper, and I had a hole smashed in and I was a mess.

"Then they took my bell for some other locomotive, my stack got rusted and part fell on the ground. But what did it matter? I was supposed to be broken up and was dead.

"About the middle of August 1902, a skinny, not too good-looking, and shy boy came out where I was sitting one noon time. He looked me all over and then got up in my cab and tried my throttle lever which still worked. But he could not move my reverse lever. So, next noon, he came out with an oil can and say, do you know, he got that reverse lever loosened up so that he could move it back and forth. And glory be! then did he ever have a good time! Each noon time, he would come out there, climb up in my cab, eat his lunch, and then play engineer. The other boys made fun of that friend of mine and called him a sissy and threw dirt at him, but he did not fight back because he was too timid.

"One day, the roundhouse men came over and took my headlight for some locomotive that needed a headlight. Golly, that boy was mad! But the men made fun of him and shoved him over into the dirt and took my headlight away.

"Sometime during 1906, after the big fire in San Francisco, Al Becker, the yard foreman, brought engineer Dilly and his shop goat, the 1004, and pulled all the dead engines out but me. Then they came back and got me and took me up to the brand new machine shop. The old German stack man from the boiler shop took what remained of my smokestack and made it all into a new one, only he left the cone out of the inside of the stack. I still have that stack. A bell from another engine was placed on my boiler top where the other bell had been. My old headlight was taken off the engine that had it, and it was being scrapped. A pilot was taken from a locomotive that was going into switch service and given to me. Spare parts were taken from different places, and a small board was fixed in place over the hole in the back of my tank.

"I was given a good cleaning up, and a new coat of black paint was applied, after which Mr. White, the painter artist, painted my monogram back on only the right side of my tank. Mr. White also painted my name back on the right side of the cab. These were painted, not in gold leaf, but in white paint.

"Mr. Al Becker (he was such a nice man) brought some of his yard gang over with jacks and cribbage, they hoisted me up on a steel frame that was made for me in the south end of the new machine shop. I had a good view of the shop and could watch the big engines being hoisted off their wheels by the big new overhead crane.

"I was up there until January 1914 when Mr. Schoenky, the Superintendent of the Shops, had me taken down as he needed the room, so he said, for benches along the wall where my steel stand was. They took me down in the yard on the old laundry tracks, only the laundry was not there anymore.

"Some men came with sledge hammers and wrenches and had just about started to break me up when Mr. Schoenky came running with a telegram and stopped them. The telegram was from the San Francisco office and told Mr. Schoenky not to dare to break me up.

"So I was saved. The men then built a little shed, and I was placed in there until December 1914 when I was taken up to the machine shop. Mr. Cliff Peters, the valve man, came and took my valves out, and what a job he had, as they were all rusted in place. He cleaned up the valves and valve gear and put them all in good shape. Mr. Venter, locomotive pit boss, brought some of his men over. They took my cylinder heads off, cleaned the pistons after they got them loose and out of the cylinders. All oiled up, they worked freely again.

"All hand rails, my bell, whistle, and some other parts were taken off and sent up to Mr. Lester in the plating room, where they were cleaned up and nickel plated.

"You and Mr. Henry Hagstrom, with the help of George Herr, tank foreman, came and fitted a nice patch in the hole in the back of my tank. That patch is still there.

"Mr. Ed Vaughn, tender shop foreman, brought Henry Shartzner and Mile Ryan over, and they fitted a new brake beam to my tender wheels. Mr. Jabez Turner, the cab shop foreman, brought Mr. Jacka and Mr. Humbridge over, and they patched up my cab, made a new front bumper beam, made my pilot over like new, and patched up my back bumper and put new running boards on.

"When all the parts had been repaired or made new, I felt like a new person, like a new engine. I was in a stew to know what was going to happen to me. I knew I was not going back into service, as no work was done on my boiler, although Frank Hickey, boiler shop foreman, came over and looked in my front end and examined the front door, and he also looked into my fire box. That was all.

"Then into the paint shop. All my old black paint was cleaned off and new red paint put on. My monogram was put back on in gold leaf by Mr. White, and he also put my name back on the sides of the cab, while another painter put back my number and all the gold striping. Then three coats of varnish. Golly, I can tell you, I felt like a new person!

"As soon as the work was done on me, I was loaded onto a flat car and taken to San Francisco and was put on exhibition at the World's Fair there during 1915. I had a stretch of track (52 pound track) on handmade redwood ties, just like they had when the Central Pacific was being built. I had a nice fence around me to keep the folks from climbing all over me.

"Over on another track was one of those huge cab-ahead mallets, my! it was a huge thing! In front of me on another track was the eight-wheel locomotive 1456 with a part of its boiler cut away so folks could see what the inside of a boiler, with its flues, throttle, throttle valve, and dry pipes, looked like. A part of the cylinder on one side was cut away and also a part of the steam chest. The drive wheels of the locomotive were on rollers and, as the drive wheels revolved, the folks could see how the piston traveled in the cylinder and how the valves worked.

"I was just as proud and happy as I could be. And the crowds that came and looked at me, they made me feel very happy and, as I was clean and neat, I felt rather swelled up.

"That skinny boy came one day, but he was not so skinny now, and he was married and had his wife and two little boys with him. That fellow told his little boys how he used to play engineer with me back in 1902.

"After the fair was over, I was taken back to Sacramento and, for several years, was placed on a track at the southwest corner of the locomotive paint shop.

"Then I was placed on a knoll west of the passenger station and my oh my! how dirty I did get, although the men would come out there now and then and give me a bath. I was out there until April 1922 when Mr. Delos Sumner Watkins (he liked to be called by his full name), who was Superintendent of the Shops, came one day with some city officials. They were talking about a 'Days of Forty-nine Celebration' and how the C. P. Huntington should by all means take part.

"A few days later, Mr. Mark Hook, with his shop engine 1156, came with the wrecker, and Mr. Rankin, the foreman of the wrecking crew, and his men. They lifted me back onto the tracks and took me into the shops. Mr. Herb Becker,

the boiler inspector, tested my boiler and my oh my! how my boiler did leak! But, no wonder, after all those years doing nothing, just sitting around.

"But, to resume, I can assure you it did not take those boilermakers long to make my boiler water and steam tight and safe for use. New flues were put in, of course, as the old ones had all rusted out. After I was all cleaned up and oiled in good shape, steam was raised in my boiler, and Mr. Van Dyne, the shop switch engineer, ran me up and down the yards. The men cheered to see what they called 'The Little Old Lady' running up and down the tracks. Mr. Van Dyne, used to air brakes, had quite a time stopping me as I never had had air brakes. When I was in service in Berkeley, I had an air pump, and in my cab was an air valve, but the brakes were only on the cars and I had none myself.

"Several days later, the government boiler inspector looked me over and made a few tests. He then gave them permission to operate at 100 pounds steam pressure as I had a factor of safety of five, whatever that was! We never were bothered with such things when I was in service!

"While I was waiting over back of the roundhouse, that is, waiting for whatever was to come off, a whole big lot of men and women, all in what they called '49er costumes, came over and got up on me and stood around me; then some photographers came and took the picture of those folks and what could be seen of me. I could hardly keep from laughing right out loud at those '49er costumes! They were nothing like I had seen in all my days. But the women did look nice and pretty, and the men did try to look fierce. But they should have seen the men that guarded me when I first came to San Francisco. Those men were really fierce-looking!

"Then the '49er show started over on the sand lot where Lake Sutter had been filled in. There were some make-believe houses and stores and some tents

over there. My job was to haul a big steel flat car on which seats were placed and the car all decorated with flags and bunting. Every hour, from 9 in the morning until 5 at night, I hauled that car from the '49er village out the B Street levee to Elvas, then along the east levee to Brighton, and then down R Street to Front Street, and back to the sand lot.

"The S.P. charged 49 cents round trip for the ride, and more folks wanted to go than we could take. Mr. John Wright, the oldest engineer on the Sacramento Division, was my engineer. He had a young fellow to fire for him, as it took a lot of wood to keep me going. And those men did not know why 'I steamed so hard'. I knew: because my grates had been fixed to burn coal and those folks were feeding me wood.

"Then I had a big thrill. Mr. Lonergan, who had been my first engineer and who was now president of a big brass works in the east, came to see his friend Mr. A. D. Williams. I knew Mr. Lonergan at once and he remembered me. Mr. Williams let him act as engineer on one of those trips around the city.

"A photographer from the Sacramento Union came and took my picture with 13 S.P. officials and employees alongside me. Mr. Lonergan was included in the picture of 13. Then that Sacramento Union photographer, several days later, brought you a nice enlarged print of that picture which you had framed.

"I do not remember just who all those 13 folks were, but I do remember there was Mr. A. D. Williams, Superintendent of Motive Power; Mr. J. Dwyer, who used to be a switchman and was, at that time, General Manager of the S.P.; Mr. Pat Sheedy, who used to be gang boss in the Sacramento shops and who was now, at that time, Superintendent of Motive Power at Los Angeles; Mr. Alden Anderson, who was president of a big bank in Sacramento, and he had his wife with him. Then there was Mr. Sproule, who was president of the S.P., and Mr. Wright, the oldest engineer on the Sacramento Division. The others I just cannot recall, although I knew them when they were there.

"After the '49er show was over, I was placed in the car paint shop, and the men placed a big piece of canvas over me to keep the dust off. The old C. P. Huntington was of some value now.

"But, during that '49er week, I had a wonderful time of it. So many of my old friends came to see me, and those trips around the city were grand. So many folks with little and big cameras taking my picture as I steamed along with that carload of folks.

"In 1924, the moving picture folks who were making a picture called 'The Iron Horse' borrowed me from the S.P. and took me on a flat car way up in the mountains. I was put on a big sled and was supposed to represent one of the locomotives that Mr. Crocker took across the mountains on a sled drawn by oxen when the Summit tunnel was being built.

"But, do you know, although those moving picture folks had 20 oxen, they could not move that sled with me on it, except an inch or two at a time. Then my owners, the S.P., came along to the rescue. They got one of those big mallets over on a track out of sight and, with a big cable and some sheaves, hooked onto my front bumper.

"The cable was hidden so it would not show in the picture. Then the oxen were hitched to the sled, the oxen were started, the signal given, and the big mallet dragged that sled so that it looked in the picture that the oxen were doing the hauling, which they could not do. Which goes to prove the old-timers, whom I knew so well, could not do what the modern folks could not do.

"When the picture 'The Iron Horse' was being shown at the Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood, I sat outside the theater for five months. While I was first there in 1925, the Shriners were having their big convention, and Shriners from all over the United States, Mexico, and Canada came to Los Angeles. One

night, they had a big parade out at Hollywood, and I was right there to see it fine as it went by where I was sitting. And here came that skinny boy friend of mine with his wife. Only he was not so skinny now. He was getting -- shall we say, fat? He helped his wife up on my front bumper so she could see the parade. I noticed that he had a Shriner's fez on his head, wore a red necktie, a white shirt, and carried a crooked cane just like all the other Shriners. His fez said 'Ben Ali' on the front of it.

"When I left Hollywood, I did not come home but went up to San Francisco where I took part in a huge parade (1925). I rode on a big, low, iron truck that the men used to haul new cable to the cable car companies. You know they have to put in a new cable every so often or about every 8 or 9 months.

"There were six great big dapple grey horses hauling the float that I was on. Right ahead of me was a float with a make-believe model of the locomotive Stanford on it. Only it did not look like the Stanford at all. Some men were on the float dressed to look like Judah, Crocker, Stanford, Huntington, and Hopkins. It was a grand parade, and they called it the 'Diamond Jubilee Parade'.

"Mr. Hungerford, who was once president of the B&O RR and who was an author and wrote some fine books, was head of the pageant at the Century of Progress Fair at Chicago. He borrowed me, and I took part twice a day in the railroad pageant. Mr. Hungerford was proud of me and the work I did. I was under steam and hauled a car on and off stage in the scene of driving the last spike.

"For the next few years, I did not take part in much of anything but just sat around with a canvas over me. Then one day, January 5, 1931, Mr. Starr Harris and his men loaded me on a big iron truck with rubber tires, and a yoke of 14 oxen hauled me in the parade that day when 'Sunny Jim' Rolph was

inaugurated Governor of California. Mr. Raymond Thomas of the Store Department and Mr. Leslie McCracken, who was drop pit foreman and who had charge of me in the parade, were in my cab to keep folks out. As we went along in the parade, they would ring the bell and now and then blow my whistle, as I had 50 pounds up for that purpose.

"I remember how provoked you were. Mr. Williams had sent you out to get a picture of me being hauled by the oxen. Each time you got set up and just ready to take the picture, some auto would come along and stop right in front of your camera, and they would not move an inch. But I think you did get some sort of a picture. As we passed the City Plaza, I saw the statue of my old-time friend A. J. Stevens. That was the first and only chance I ever got to see that statue.

"I took part in the opening of the big new station at Sacramento in 1926, and some moving picture girls from Hollywood posed on me. Then some chorus girls from the Senator Theatre came along and posed in front of me with some ribbons that looked like they were drawing me along. I was so embarrassed when those chorus girls took their robes off. They were nearly naked. But I got over that now, as all day long in the summertime, women and girls go by me dressed in or out of what you folks call 'shorts'. Times change. When I was a girl and a young woman, the women folks never showed as much as their ankles in public.

"In 1936, Mr. Starr Harris and his men loaded me on a flat car, and they built over me a big iron house with three locks on the small door to get inside. This house was to keep the hobos from stealing brass parts off of me. I went down to New Orleans that time to help open the new Huey Long Bridge over the Mississippi River. That was a glorious time I had down there, and so many folks wanted to see me that they kept me there for over two weeks.

"But my memory seems to fail me at times. I forgot that in 1926 I went up to the opening of the new Cascade line, and in 1930 I went down to be the first locomotive to cross the new Carquinez Bridge. But, of course, that was not just so, as work engines had crossed and recrossed before I crossed. But I guess it is all right. We had the big new 4408 with us, and we both passed over the bridge. Then we were on a siding at Martinez and posed for many folks to take our picture and to go through our cabs.

"To continue. When I came home from New Orleans, or as they call it down there: 'New Yaleens', I was put over in the old car department where the pipe shop is now. There was a track that went through there where they used to shove in cars of coal for the old boilers in the steam plant.

"While I was there, Mr. Frank Gillette, who was Chief Draftsman, brought you and a young fellow by name of Don Uren over where I was. Mr. Gillette told you that he wanted a good drawing made of me as the company did not have a drawing. He told you not to go to much detail but make a drawing that the builders could make a model from. He said, 'Don, here, will help you measure up the old girl'. (Note: Don Uren, Grandson of Steve Uren, Blacksmith Shop Foreman. Later, Don was on the police force.)

"I remember that you and Don had a bad time of it because I was on a track that was not even, and it had a slight curve in it. But, after two days of measuring and figuring, the two of you went away, and I thought you surely must have made out all right because you did not come back.

"Later, I found out that your drawing was sent back to Patterson, where I was born, and a model builder there made what you folks call an 'O' gauge model of me. But, because my boiler was so small on the model, the men had to put the little electric motor that was to run me in the baggage car. So, when the folks on Treasure Island at the World's Fair in 1939 and 1940 saw me

pulling those three cars, a baggage car and two passenger cars, around that miniature railroad, they did not know that the baggage car was pushing me! But you, Mr. Best, and some S.P. men knew just what was happening.

"One Saturday in 1937, I think it was the 3rd of April, Mr. Starr Harris called you up and said to come over to the track back of the roundhouse and bring your camera. There you found the new locomotive 4162 and little me posing alongside the big brute. You got some dandy pictures, and they have been shown in publications several times.

"Then, in 1939, my boiler was repaired up good shape. The yard engineer fired me up and ran me up and down the yard track, and I felt so good when that engineer, I forget his name, said, 'Come on up here in the cab, Dave, I'll let you run the old girl up and down a few times.' And I was so thrilled to have that skinny boy finally get to run me! Only I noticed you were far from skinny and a little grey was starting around your temples. Then you stood on the front pilot beam, rather on my pilot, and took a self-picture of yourself.

"Then, after you had taken a group picture of the men who had repaired me, I was loaded onto the flat car, the big house bolted over me, and I went down to Los Angeles to help open the fine big new station down there. I took part in the parade and was pulling an old Virginia and Truckee RR car; a passenger car with folks riding in it. While I was down there, I met Mr. Gerald Best, who was a good friend of yours. And he took some pictures of me with the car and several of me alone.

"When I came home from Los Angeles, I was loaded on a big truck and taken over in front of the station. Then, the man everyone called 'Big Mike' (he was the foreman of the entire Sacramento District Section men) had his men place me on a section of track right where I am now. Then, I thought, 'Well,

my travel days are over.' A nice redwood shed was built over me. But I reckoned without reason.

"Before I went to Los Angeles (I forgot this part of my life for a spell) in January -- a cold day it was, too -- I was taken out to Ben Ali station where I posed with a big 4340 locomotive. And I got quite a thrill out of my trip out there, as the 4340 pulled me out and went quite fast.

"You were there taking pictures along with the company photographers from San Francisco, as well as Office Engineer Mr. George McCormick. Some moving picture folks were there, and they wanted to fire me up and run me, but that could not be because the inspectors had not inspected me and cleared me for steam pressure on this trip. So, Mr. Leslie McCracken, who was a very brilliant young fellow, hooked up an air hose from the air pressure on the 4340 and gave me some pressure in my boiler. They placed me in front of the 4340 to do this. Then the men threw a big chunk of oil waste in my smoke box and lit it. They opened my throttle and, of course, the smoke puffed out of my stack from the exhaust of my cylinders, and it looked like the C. P. Huntington was pulling the 4340 but really she was pushing me. In the moving picture, it looked okay -- like the little C. P. Huntington could pull that big brute!

"There is not more of my life to tell now. But, in 1951, Mr. Erle Heath from the San Francisco Bureau of News came up and had them lift me out from under the redwood shed where I sit, and they placed me on the rails, and I was hauled out to North 12th Street where a number of color pictures were taken of me alongside one of those huge new four-unit diesels. I remember you were retired, but Mr. Heath called you up and asked you to come on out and get some colored pictures, which you did gladly.

"Before you and Steve Edwards (San Francisco photographer) took pictures of me with the big diesel, you both took pictures of me with some of the office girls draped around and some making believe they were cleaning me and oiling my wheels.

"Several days later, the men placed me back on the track under the redwood shed at the station where, I presume, I'll stay as long as I live. Folks come along and look at the little C. P. Huntington and marvel that I ever pulled a train, but I did do just that as I told you. I don't mind sitting here dreaming of the days that are gone, and I got used to being stared at. There is a nice flower garden right alongside of me that the city takes care of. It used to be a much nicer garden before they placed that walk alongside of me so that folks would not be walking on the flowers.

"There is just one thing I do not like. The autos and big trucks go whizzing along I Street, day and night, and they go so fast and nearly run into one another. I just close my eye for a long time as I dislike looking at those speed burners. And those big trucks, my oh my! what a racket they make. All day and all night. I'll bet Mr. Stanford's horses would be scared of them if they were here now. You remember how I told you how I scared his horses years ago.

"One Sunday, I do not remember the date, the men brought that huge 4294 -- the last one of the big cab-aheads to be built -- over and placed it in the garden to the east of little me. So, now I have company.

"That, Mr. Joslyn, is my story as near as I can remember it. There have been some incidents in my life that I may have overlooked, but you will excuse me I know, for I am an old, old lady and, like all elderly persons, can forget easily.

"I am happy to see so many men and women carrying on the great work started by Theodore D. Judah, Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, for whom I was named, and Mark Hopkins.

"As I look back through the years, I can see those two men, Danforth and Cooke. Then there are others, faces that come up out of the past: J. H. Strowbridge, Joel O. Wilder, J. J. Luckett, Sam Gerrish, Benjamin Welch, Ira Shaw, George Stoddard, Benjamin Goodman, Andrew J. Stevens, Patrick Sheedy, Charles Shields, William McKenzie, Jesse Martin, Pat McArthur, J. W. (Sport) Clark, Jim Ferguson, Chris Little, Henry Thiele, John Andrews, Jim Wilson, Jim Dunnigan, Frank Hickey, Charles Rippon, Ed Vaughn, Rufus Maker, Richard Vaughan, Henry Venter (everybody called him Harry), Delos S. Watkins, Charles Noyes, Mr. Lonergan, Al Becker, Herb Becker (uncle and nephew), Austin D. Williams, William Kopka, George Theiss, Starr Harris, George B. Herr (the men called him Good Boy Herr), J. Jacka (with the long red beard), Jabez Turner, Frank E. Russell, B. M. Brown, F. E. Molloy, William O. Brown, Walter Johnson, M. L. Jennings, Erle Heath, and George McCormick.

"Oh dear me! I just cannot remember all of the nice men that I have known in the railroad game. But, I am thinking of them, even if I cannot remember their names.

With that, the little old locomotive heaved a sigh and said no more.

Dear Reader:

I have faithfully set down what the little old C. P. Huntington told me, and I hope you will like her life's history

David L. Joslyn
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